

# A N A C C O U N T

O F

W H A T S E E M E D M O S T R E M A R K A B L E

I N

The Five Days Peregrination of the Five following Persons,

Viz. Messieurs **TOTHALL, SCOTT, HOGARTH, THORNHILL, and FORREST.**

Begun on Saturday, May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1732, and finished on the 31<sup>st</sup> of the same Month.

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"ABI TU ET FAC SIMILITER." *Inscription on Dulwich College Porch.*

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L O N D O N:

P R I N T E D F O R R. L I V E S A Y. M D C C L X X X I I .

N I U O D C A K A

455-428

W H A T S E E M E D M O 2 T A H Y A B I A M A N D A B I A

The frontispiece of this work (Mr. SOMEBODY) was designed by Hogarth, as emblematical of their journey, viz. that it was a short tour by land and water, backwards and forwards, without head or tail.

The 9th is the tail-piece (Mr. NOBODY) of the same whimsical nature with the first; the whole being intended as a burlesque on historical writers recording a series of insignificant events intirely uninteresting to the reader.

Began on Saturday May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1723. To be continued.

London Printed by W. Bowyer, 1723. ESTIMATED DAY TO DAY PRICE.

E D Q N D O F

A N D R A Y N D E R D E C A M P A G N A

SATURDAY, May the 27th, we set out with the morning, and took our departure from the Bedford Arms Tavern, in Covent Garden, to the tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches?" The first land we made was Billingsgate, where we dropped anchor at the Dark House.

There Hogarth made a caricatura of a porter, who called himself the Duke of Puddle Dock\*. The drawing was (by his grace) pasted on the cellar door. We were agreeably entertained with the humours of the place, particularly an explanation of a Gaffer and Gammer, a little obscene, though in presence of two of the fair sex. Here we continued till the clock struck one.

Then set sail in a Gravesend boat we had hired for ourselves. Straw was our bed, and a tilt our covering. The wind blew hard at S.E. and by E. We had much rain and no sleep for about three hours. At Cuckold's Point we sung St. John at Deptford Pishoken; and in Blackwall Reach eat bung beef and biscuit, and drank right Holland's.

At Purfleet we had a view of the Gibraltar, the Dursley Galley, and Tartar Pink, men of war, from the last of which we took on board the pilot who brought her up the channel. He entertained us with a lieutenant's account of an insult offered him by the Spaniards, and other affairs of consequence, which naturally made us drowsy; and then Hogarth fell asleep, but soon awaking was going to relate a dream he had, but falling asleep again, when he awaked forgot he had dreamed at all.

We soon arrived at Gravesend, and found some difficulty in getting ashore, occasioned by un unlucky boy's having placed his boat between us and the landing-place, and refusing us passage over his vessel; but, as virtue surmounts all obstacles, we happily accomplished this adventure, and arrived at Mr. Bramble's at six. There we washed our faces and hands, and had our wigs powdered; then drank coffee, eat toast and butter, paid our reckoning, and set out at eight.

We took a view of the building of the New Church, the unknown person's tomb and epitaph, and the Market Place, and then proceeded on foot to Rochester.

Nothing remarkable happened in that journey, except our calling and drinking three pots of beer at an evil house (as we were afterwards informed) known by the sign of the Dover Castle, and some small distress Scott suffered in travelling through some clay ground moistened by the rain; but the country being extremely pleasant alleviated his distress, and made him jocund, and about ten we arrived at Rochester.

There we surveyed the fine Bridge, the Cathedral, and the Castle; the last well worth observing. It is a very big building, situate on the river Medway, strong built, but almost demolished. With some difficulty we ascended to the top of the battlements, and took a view of a most beautiful country, a fine river, and some of the noblest ships in the world. There is a very curious well cut in the middle wall from the top of the Castle, a considerable depth below its foundation, as we believed: we saw a little boy go down towards the bottom of it by small holes cut in the sides, wherein he placed his hands and feet, and soon returned, bringing up with him a young daw he had taken out of a nest there.

We afterwards traversed the city, saw the Town-house, Watt's Hospital for relief of six travelling persons by entertaining them with one night's lodging, and giving to each four pence in the morning, provided they are not persons contagiously diseased, rogues, or proctors.

We saw on the front of a house four figures in basso relievio after the antique, done by some modern hand, representing the Seasons; and then came to the Crown Inn at twelve. From that time till dinner most of our company slept on several chairs in the dining-room. From one o'clock till three we were at dinner on a dish of soles and flounders, with crab sauce, a calf's heart stuffed and roasted, the liver fried, and the other appurtenances minced, a leg of mutton roasted, and some green peas, all very good and well dress'd, with good small beer and excellent port. The boy of the house cleaned all our shoes, and we again set out to seek adventures.

\* It is to be regretted that his Grace's picture was not preserved in this collection.

Hogarth.

Hogarth and Scott stopped and played at hop-scotch in the colonade under the Town-ball; and then we walked on to Chatham, bought shrimps and eat them, and proceeded by a round-about way to the king's store-houses and dock-yard, which are very noble. We went on board the Marlborough and the Royal Sovereign, which last is reckoned one of the finest ships in the navy. We saw the London, the Royal George, and Royal Anne, all first-rate men of war. At six we returned to our quarters at Rochester, and passed the time agreeably till nine, and then, quite fatigued with pleasure, we went to bed.

Sunday at seven awaked. Hogarth and Thornhill related their dreams, and we entered into a conversation on that subject in bed, and left off no wiser than we began. We arose and missed Scott, who soon came and acquainted us, that he had been on the bridge drawing a view of some part of the river (vide Drawing the 2d) and wondered at the people staring at him, till he recollect'd it was Sunday. We asked him to produce the drawing; and he told us he had not drawn any thing. We were all desirous to have him reconcile this contradiction; but other affairs intervening, prevented our further enquiry.

At nine we breakfasted, and set out over the bridge, through part of Stroud, and by the Medway side. Going through the fields, we were attacked by a severe shower of rain; to escape which Scott retired under a hedge, and lying down had the misfortune to soil the back of his coat with an ordureal moisture of verdant hue. Uneasy at this, and requiring assistance to be cleaned from such a filthy daubing, he missed a white cambric handkerchief, which he declared was lent him by his spouse; and though he soon found it, yet was his joy at that success again abated by his fear that it was torn; but being soon convinced that he was more afraid than hurt, we all proceeded merrily to Frensham.

We there viewed the church and church-yard, pleasantly situated. There are some bad epitaphs, and in the church is hung up a list of benefactions to the parish, at the bottom of which there is wrote, "Witness our hands," and subscribed with the name of "William Gibbons, Vicar," only. This seemed a little odd; but being in such a place we imagined there might be some mystery in it, so enquired no further.

At ten we walked on, and calling a council among ourselves, it was proposed, that if any one was dissatisfied with our past proceedings or intended progress, he might depatriate, and be allowed money to bear his charges. It was unanimously rejected, and resolved to proceed to Upnor.

We viewed, and Hogarth made a drawing of the castle, and Scott of some shipping riding near it (vide Drawing the 3d). The castle is not very large, but strong, garrisoned with twenty-four men, and the like number of guns, though no more than eight are mounted. I went and bought cockles of an old blind man and woman, who were in a little cock-boat on the river. We made a burry-scurry dinner at the Smack at the ten-gun battery, and had a battle-royal with sticks, pebbles, and hog's dung. In this fight Totball was the greatest sufferer, and his cloaths carried the marks of his disgrace. Some time this occasioned much laughter, and we marched on to the bird's-nest battery, and, keeping the river and shipping still in view, passed over the hills, and came to Hoo Church-yard, where, on a wooden rail over a grave, is an epitaph, supposed to be wrote by a maid-servant on her master, which, being something extraordinary, I shall here transcribe verbatim:

And. whEn. he. Died. you. plainLy. see.  
Hee. freely. gave. al. to. Sara. passa. Wee.  
And. in. Doing. so. if. DoTh. prevail.  
that. Ion. him can. Well. bestow. this Rayel.  
On. Year. I. servd. him. it. is. well. None.  
But. Thanks. beto. God. it. is. al. my. One.

Hogarth, having a motion, untrussed upon a grave-rail in an unseemly manner, which Totball perceiving, administered penance to the party offending with a bunch of nettles: this occasioned an engagement, which ended happily without bloodshed, and Hogarth finished his business elsewhere.

At four we left Hoo and an agreeable widow landlady, who had buried four husbands. As we travelled along this charming country, the weather was exceeding pleasant, and Scott (according to custom) made us laugh by attempting to prove, a man might go over but not through the world; and, for example, pointed to the earth, and asked us to go through that element. Our fixed opinion was, that his argument had less weight than his coat-pockets, which were, by some of the company, filled with pebble-stones, unperceived by him, and he carried them some time; but at last discovering the trick, and being thereby in a condition to knock down all opposition to his argument, we acquiesced.

At five we took a view of Stoke Church, and passed through the church-yard, but saw nothing worth observation till we came to a farm-house not far distant; where, on an elm-tree at the door, was placed a high pole, with a board that moved with the wind, painted in form of a cock, over which was a fane weather-cock, and above that a shuttle-cock. This variety of cocks afforded much speculation.

At North-street, a little village we passed through, we all agreed to quarrel; and being near a well of water full to the brim, we dealt about that ammunition for some time, till the cloaths and courage of the combatants were sufficiently cooled, and then, all pleased, travelled on to the town of Stock, and took up our quarters at the Nag's Head.

At six, whilſt supper was getting ready, we walked out to take a view of the low countries thereabouts; and, on an adjacent plain, another ſharp engagement happened, in which Totball and Scott both suffered, by their cloaths being daubed with ſoft cow-dung.

At seven we returned back and cleaned ourelves; ſupped, and adjourned to the door; drank punch, ſtood and ſat for our pictures drawn by Hogarth, for which ſee Drawing the 3d. Night coming on, we drew cuts who ſhould lyne ſingle, there being but three beds, and no night-caps. The lot fell to Totball, and he had the ſatisfaction of lying alone.

At ten went to bed, and had much laughter at Scott and I being forced to lyne together. They threw the ſocking, fought perukes, and did a great many pretty tricks in a born, and then left us. At eleven we arose again, without a candle, and dressed ourelves, our ſheets being very damp; then went to bed again in our cloaths, and ſlept till three.

Monday at three, awaked and cursed our day, our eyes, lips, and bands, being tormented and ſwelled by the biting of gnats. Notwithstanding this, the God of Sleep being powerful, we ſoon forgot our miseries, and submitted to be bound fast again in his leaden chains, in which condition we remained till ſix; then arose, had our ſhoes cleaned, were shaved, and had our wigs flowered, by a fisherman in his boots and ſhock hair, without coat or waistcoat, vide Drawing the 4th. We had milk and toast for breakfast, paid our reckoning, and ſet out for Sheerness at eight.

We paſſed down Stock Marſhes, being directed to keep the road-way, which being heavy walking (much rain having fallen the preceding night) I pre-vailed on the company to follow me over a ſtile, which led along the beach by a creek ſide, imagining it as near and a better way; but was deceived, and led the company about two miles aſtray; but getting into the right road, we ſoon entered the Isle of Grain (ſo called from its fruitfulness, as I conjecture) and near the church there, we ſtopped at the Chequer Ale-house, kept by Goody Hubbard, who entertained us with ſalt pork, bread, butter, and buns, and good malt liquor. Here Scott left and lost his pen-knife, value five ſhillings. We expected to have got a boat here to carry us over to Sheerness; but the ferry-man did not care to go, and another person we would have employed for that purpose ſent us word, that the wind blew too hard. But our landlady put us into a method by which we might poſſibly get a paſſage; and that was, to go down the marſhes towards the ſalt-houſes, and endeavour to hail the ſhips in ordinary, and by that means get one of their boats. We accordingly went down to the ſhore, which was covered with variety of ſhells, and accidentally eſpied a little boat coming on our ſide the water below us, which Thornbill and Totball went down to meet, and brought up to us, and with ſome diſſiculty took us in (the manner of our embarking is delineated in the 5th drawing); and we ſet ſail for Sheerness. The ſea ran high, the wind blowing hard at S.W. and by S. In our paſſage we had the pleasure of ſeeing and hearing the guns fired from the fort and the men of war, and about twelve we landed. We traversed the fort, went round the lines; ſaw all the fortifications and batteries, and had a delightful

delightful prospect of the sea and the Island of Sheppy. Scott was laughed at for smelling to the touch-holes of some of the guns lately discharged; and so was Hogarth, for sitting down to cut his toe-nails in the garrison. At one we set out for Queenborough, to which place we walked along the beach, which the spray flew over in many places. Thornhill fell down, and slightly hurt his leg; yet we all perambulated merrily, and arrived at Queenborough about two.

The town is but one street, situate on the east-side of a creek, called after the town's name, and branching out of the Medway near the town. The street is clean and well paved (for a more exact description see the 6th drawing), and answers the description I have had of a Spanish Town, viz. there is no sign of any trade, nor were many human creatures to be seen at our first arrival. The church is low and ill built: among many tomb-stones there are but few epitaphs worth noting, and the most material I take to be the following one, viz.

Henry Knight Master of a Shipp to Greenland and Herpooner 24 Voyages

In Greenland I whales Sea horses Bears did Slay

Though Now my Body is Intombe in Clay

The town-house or clock-house (as it is called) stands in the middle of the street, supported by four piers, which form four arches, and (it being holiday) was decorated with a flag, in which is delineated the arms of the corporation. We took up our quarters at the Red Lyon (which the people call the Swans) fronting the river, and met with a civil, prating landlady; but she being unprovided with beds, we applied to a merry woman at a private house, who furnished us with what we wanted. We then took another walk up the town, had a view of the inside of the church, and a conference with the grave-digger, who informed us of the state of the corporation. Among other things we were told, that the mayor is a custom-house officer, and the parson a sad dog. We found, to our sorrow, that although the town has two market-days, yet there was not one piece of fresh meat of any sort, nor any poultry or fish, except lobsters, to be got, with which, and some eggs and bacon, we made our supper.

We walked up the hill behind the town, to a well of very good water: over which (we were informed) a palace formerly stood, built by King Edward the Third for his Queen Philippa. Whilst we were at the well, two sailors came and drew a bucket of water to drink, and told us, that they and four more, belonging to the Rose man of war, were obliged the day before to attend one of their midshipmen, a son of General S—, in a yawl up the creek, and run the vessel ashore, where the midshipman left them (without any sustenance, but a few cockles, or one penny of money to buy any) and went to Sheerness, and was not yet returned, and they half-starved. We gave the fellows six-pence, who were very thankful, and run towards the town to buy victuals for themselves and their companions, who lay asleep at some distance. We going to view their boat that stuck fast in the mud, one of the sailors returned hastily, and kindly offered us some cockles: this seemed an act of so much gratitude that we followed the fellows into the town, and gave them another six-pence; and they fetched their companions, and all refreshed themselves, and were very thankful and merry.

About seven we passed through the town, and saw and conversed with several pretty women, which we did not expect, not having seen any at our arrival, and returned to our quarters. We got a wooden chair, and placed Hogarth in it in the street, where he made the Drawing N° 6. and gathered a great many men, women, and children, about him, to see his performance. Having finished his drawing, we again walked up town, and at the mayor's door saw all the sailors before mentioned, who informed me (with "your worship" at every word) that the midshipman was lately returned from Sheerness, and had been up the creek, to see how the boat lay; and coming back, had met a sailor in company with a woman whom the midshipman wanted to be free with, and the sailor opposed, insisting she was his wife, and hindered him from being rude; which the midshipman resenting, was gone to the mayor to redress his grievances. We thought this a very odd affair, but did not stay to see the result of it.

About nine we returned to our quarters, drank to our friends as usual, and emptied several cans of good flip, and all sung merrily; but were quite put out of countenance by some Harwich men, who came with lobsters, and were drinking in the next room. They sung several sea-songs so agreeably that

that our St. John could not come in competition, nor could Pijkoken save us from disgrace; so that after finishing the evening as pleasantly as possible, we went out of the house the back-way to our lodgings, at near eleven.

When we came there, our landlady had provided a bed for Scott in the garret, which made him grumble, and us laugh: this provoked him so far, that he absolutely refused to lie there; and Totball, out of pure good-nature, offered him his bed at the house we came from, and that he would lie in the garret. This Scott accepted, and went away; and Totball going up stairs, found he was to lie in a flock bed, without curtains; so came down again immediately, and went after Scott, at which we were very merry, and slept upon it till six in the morning.

Tuesday morning, at six, Hogarth called me up, and told me, the good woman insisted on being paid for her bed, or having Scott before the mayor; which last we did all in our power to promote, but to no effect; so coming to the publick house where Scott and Totball lay, we found the doors open (a thing common in this town) and nobody up. However Hogarth soon roused them; and then Scott related another distress he had the last night, viz. when he left us, and was going to bed, he perceived something stir under the bed-cloaths, which he (collecting all his courage) was resolved to feel; at which something cried out (seemingly affrighted) and scared him out of his wits; but, resuming courage enough to enquire into the nature of affairs, he found it to be a little boy of the house, who had mistook the bed. This relation, according to custom, made us very merry, and Totball provided some breakfast; after which we left the Swans, and went up town, where our shirts were sent to be washed; but not having time to dry, we took them wet, and had them dried and ironed at the next town.

About ten we quitted Queenborough: the morning was delightful, the country very pleasant, through which we passed very agreeably up to Minster, a little village on the highest part of the island. We laboured hard to climb the hill to the church-yard, it being very steep. We saw there, on a wooden rail over the grave, the following epitaph in verse:

Here Interr'd George Anderson Dotb Lye  
By fallen on an Anchor he did Dye  
In Sheerness Yard on Good Friday  
y' 6<sup>th</sup> of April, I do say  
All you that Read my Allegy: Be alwaies  
Ready for to Dye — Aged 42 Years

Our landlord at the George procured us a key of the church, which we entered, and saw there the monuments of Lord Cheyne, of a Spanish Ambassador, and of the Lord Shorland. Scott made a drawing of the Ambassador (vide Drawing the 7th), and Hogarth of Lord Shorland (see Drawing the 8th). The legend of the last being remarkable, I shall relate it with all its circumstances. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this lord having been to visit a friend on this island, and passing by this church in his way home to Shorland, about two miles off, he saw a concourse of people gathered together in the church-yard; and inquiring the reason, was informed, that the parson who stood by there, refused to bury the corpse brought for that purpose, because there was no money to pay the burial fees. His lordship, being extremely moved at the parson, ordered the people to throw him into the grave, and bury him quick; which they accordingly did, and he died. My lord went home; and there reflecting on what he had done, and fearing to forfeit his life for the offence, he wrote a petition, setting forth the nature of his offence; and bearing the queen was on board one of the ships at the Nore (to which place she came to take a view of her fleet designed to oppose the Spanish armada), he took a barge, and rode directly into the sea, and swam to the Nore, above three miles off, and coming to the ship's side, begged to see her majesty; who came immediately, and he presented his petition. The queen received, read, and granted it; and he, without quitting his barge, swam back again to the island, and coming on the shore met an old woman, who told him, that though the barge had then saved his life, he would be the cause of his death. His lordship fearing (and in order

order to prevent) the accomplishment of the old woman's prophecy, alighted from his horse, drew his sword, and killed him, and left him there, and his carcase was, by the force of the sea, thrown some little way on the land.

Some years after this, my lord, walking with some of his friends near the sea-side, espied the skull and some other bones of the horse lying there, and relating the foregoing account happened to kick the skull and hurt one of his toes, which mortified and killed him, and he lies in Minster Church, and a monument is erected over his grave, on which he is figured with a horse's head (supposed to be in the waves) placed by him (vide Drawing the 8th.) This story is so firmly believed in that parish, that a horse's head, finely gilt, is placed as a weather-cock on the church steeple, and the figure of a horse is struck upon the spindle above that weather-cock, and the church is commonly called the Horse Church. We were so well satisfied of the people's belief that all they told us was true, that we did not dare to declare our disbelief of one tittle of the story.

We dined at the George, staid till four, then left Minster, and walked to Sheerness; hired a small vessel (vulgarly called a bomb-boat) and about five set sail for Gravesend.

The wind blew a fresh gale at E. and by S. Scott grew very sea-sick, and did what was natural in such cases. Soon after Hogarth grew sick, and was consequently uneasy, which was augmented by our stopping, and Totball going on board Captain Robinson, in one of the custom-house sloops, riding in Holy Haven, who furnished him with some milk punch, and us with some fire to light our pipes, which was greatly wanted.

It rained hard all the voyage. We saw several porpoises rolling in pursuit of their prey; and one in particular was got so near shore, that we thought he must remain there; but he deceived our expectation, and got off again.

About seven, our sick passengers being recovered, we sailed merrily, and sung St. John, Pishoken, and several other songs and tunes ourselves, and our cockswain entertained us with several sailors songs; but our notes were soon changed by our vessel running on, and striking fast in, the Blye sand, though we were almost in the middle of the channel. It was the tide of ebb, and within about an hour of flood, which gave us some concern, believing we should be forced to continue there some time, and bear the beating of the wind and waves; yet, by the industry of our mariners, and the skilful assistance of Totball, we got off again in a little time (though with some difficulty); and the wind proving favourable, we arrived safe at Gravesend about ten.

We supped, and drank good wine, and thought our adventures and extraordinary mirth ended, but found otherwise: for a great coat Scott had borrowed for this journey, and left at Gravesend (and travelled without it) we found (on our arrival here) could not be found. This, though grief to him, was sport to us; and he soon got the better of his uneasiness, and grew as merry as we. Thus we continued till pretty late, and then went to bed.

Wednesday, at eight, we arose, breakfasted, and walked about the town. At ten went into a boat we had hired, with a truss of clean straw, a bottle of good wine, pipes, tobacco, and a match. The wind was favourable at S.E. and a mackerel gale. Our passage was very pleasant to all till we came into Eriff Reach, when Scott, being without his great coat (for the reason above mentioned) taking a drawing of some shipping, a flurry of wind caused our vessel to ship a sea, which washed him from head to foot, and nobody else. He, greatly surprized, got up, and drawing the fore-tail of his shirt from out of his breeches (which were also well soured with salt water) he held it in both hands opposed to the windward; and the sun shining warm, he was soon dry; and, recovering his surprise, joined with us in laughing at the accident.

We came merrily up the river; and quitting our boat at Billingsgate, got into a wherry that carried us through bridge, and landed at Somerset Water-gate; from whence we walked all together, and arrived at about two at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in the same good humour we left it to set out on this very pleasant expedition.

I think

I think I cannot better conclude than with taking notice, that not one of the company was unemployed; for Mr. Thornbill made the map, Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Scott the drawings, Mr. Totball was our treasurer, which (though a place of the greatest trust) he faithfully discharged; and the foregoing Memoir was the work of E. Forrest.

The veracity of this manuscript is attested by us,

W<sup>m</sup>. Hogarth.  
Sam<sup>l</sup>. Scott.

W<sup>m</sup>. Totball.  
Jn<sup>o</sup>. Thornbill.

London, May 27, 1732, Accomp of Disbursements for Messieurs Hogarth and Co. viz.

	£. s. d.
To paid at the Dark-house, Billingsgate,	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
To paid for a pint of Geneva Hollands,	0 1 0
To paid waterman to Gravesend,	0 5 0
To paid barber ditto,	0 0 10
To paid for breakfast at ditto,	0 2 2
To paid for beer on the road to Rochester,	0 0 9
To paid for shrimps at Chatham,	0 0 9
To paid at the gunnery and dock,	0 1 6
To paid bill at Rochester,	1 7 3
28. To gave at Upnor for information,	0 0 3
To paid at the Smack at ditto,	0 4 3
To paid at Hoo,	0 1 8
To paid at Stoke;	0 11 6
29. To paid at Mother Hubbard's at Grain,	0 3 0
To paid for passage over to Sheerness,	0 2 10
<hr/>	
Carried over	<u>£. 3 3 5<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></u>

	£. s. d.
Brought over	3 3 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 29. To paid for lobsters at Queenborough,	0 1 6
To paid for two pots of beer to treat the sexton,	0 0 6
To paid for dinner, &c.	0 6 6
To charity gave the sailors,	0 1 0
30. To paid for lodgings and maid,	0 4 6
To paid for breakfast	0 2 6
To paid for washing shirts,	0 1 8
To paid at Minster,	0 9 2
To paid at Sheerness,	0 1 3
To paid for a boat to Gravesend,	0 7 0
31. To paid barber at ditto,	0 1 2
To paid for sundry at ditto,	1 0 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
To paid for passage to Somerset House,	0 5 6
<hr/>	
	<u>£. 6 6 0</u>

Vouchers produced, examined, and allowed,

Per E. Forrest. Sam<sup>l</sup>. Scott.  
W<sup>m</sup>. Hogarth. Jn<sup>o</sup>. Thornbill.

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All ages will share knowledge. And so; beginning now you'll have the tools, skills, guides, advice and resources you'll need to start I think I  
will begin; introducing myself as (from) Belaros who is writing in English. And I hope you all like it. Well here's to many more great things.  
Belaros I A To those that have never had a playboy.

1980P. 761

Aug 20 1977

en el Instituto Superior de Ciencias del

January 1962, 1250 members of Dignitaries for Malignant Neglect and Co. etc.

Alb. 1902. - 1901  
M. 1902. - 1901

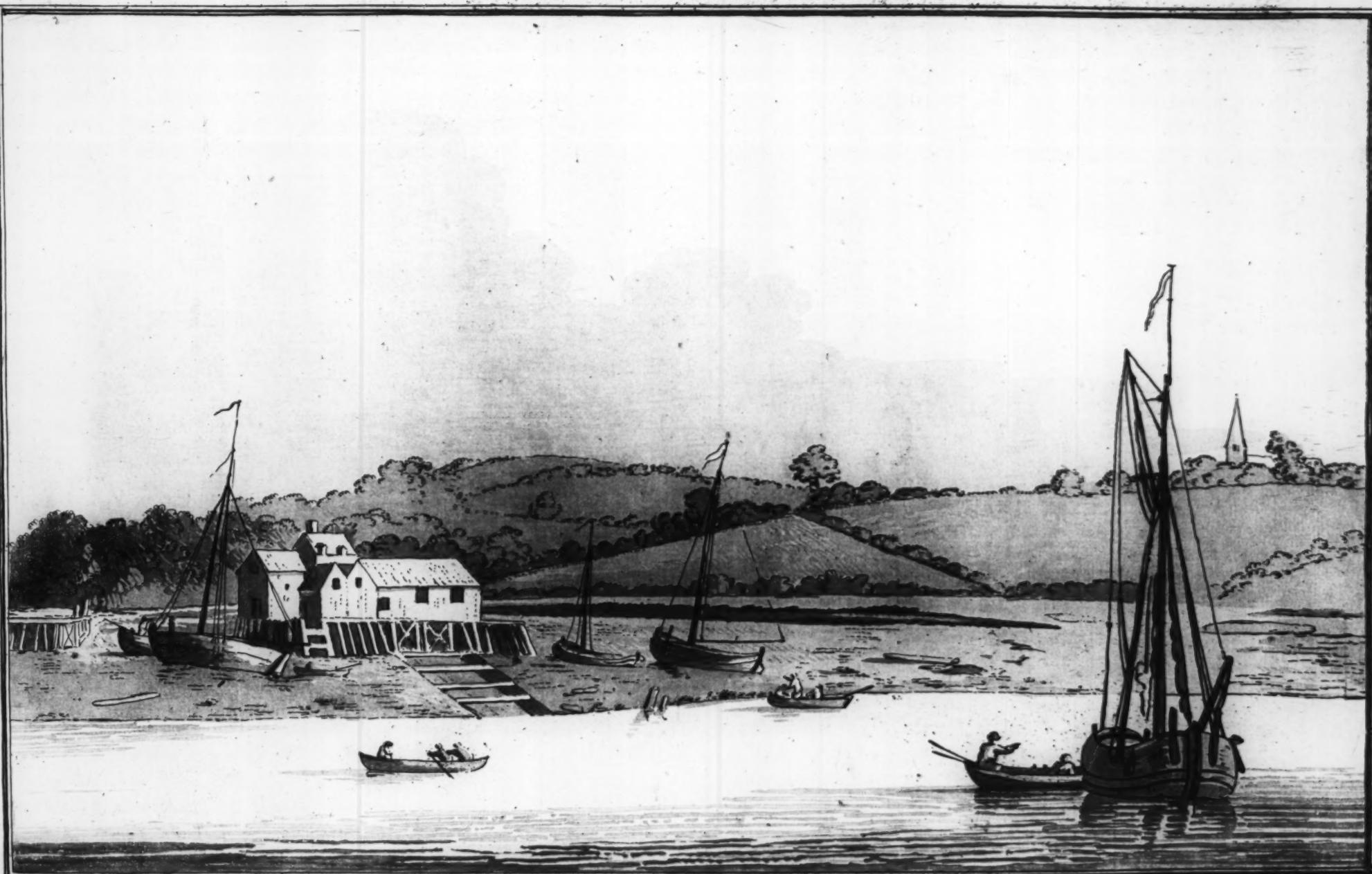
HOGARTH'S TOUR.



FRONTISPICE.

PUBLISHED AS THE ACT DIRECTS NOV<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>, 1781, BY R<sup>d</sup> LIVESAY AT MR<sup>r</sup> HOGARTH'S LEICESTER FIELDS.

R<sup>d</sup> Livesay fecit

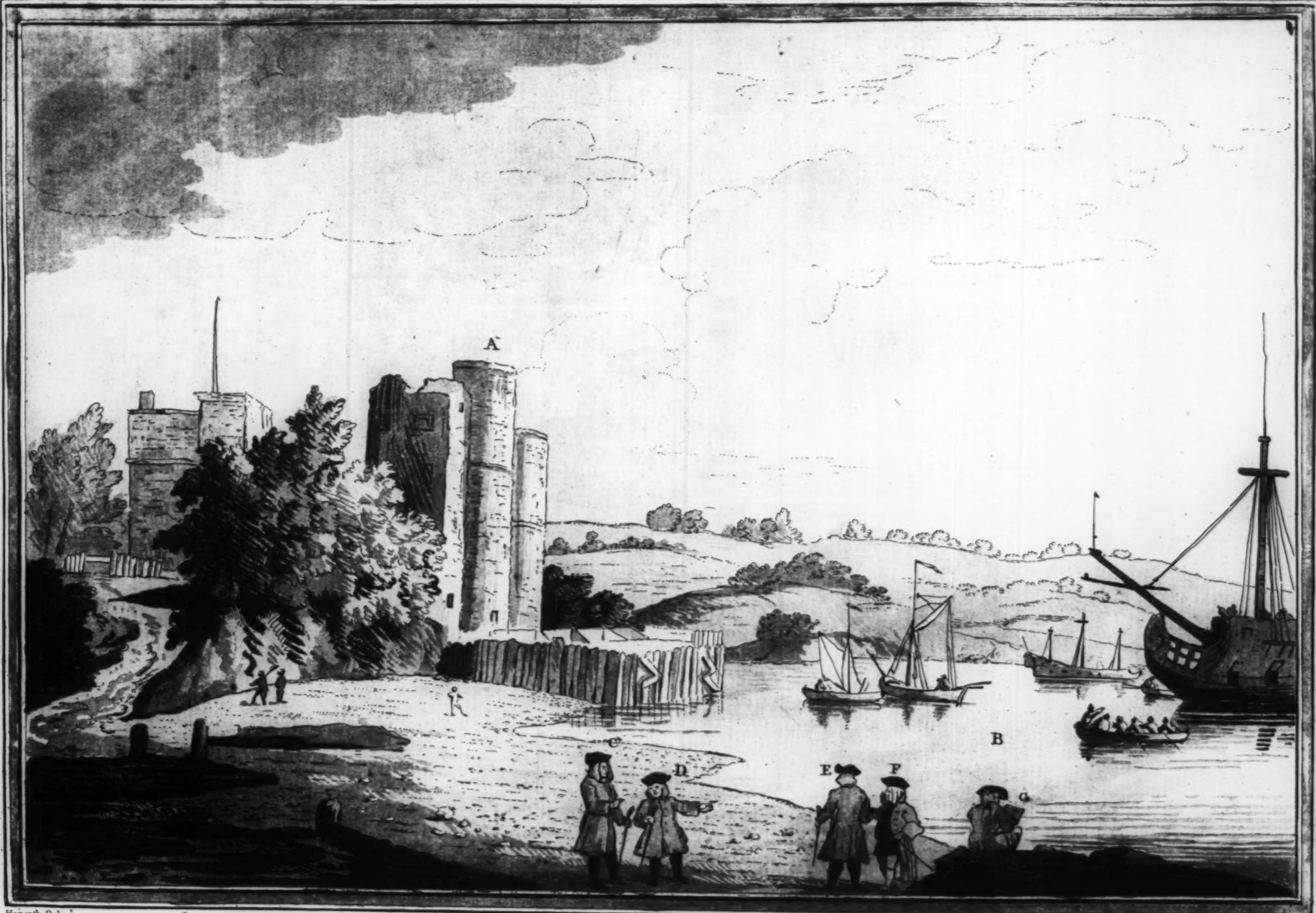


Scott Delin

A VIEW FROM ROCHESTER BRIDGE.

Published, Nov<sup>r</sup>. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1781, by R<sup>d</sup> Livesay, at M<sup>r</sup> Hogarth's Leicester Fields.

R<sup>d</sup> Livesay fecit



Hogarth Delin<sup>r</sup>

- A. Upnor Castle.
- B. The River Medway.
- C. Mr. Thornhill.
- D. Mr. Hogarth.

## UPNOR CASTLE.

Published Nov: 27: 1781, by R. Livesay at M<sup>r</sup> Hogarth's Leicester Fields.

R. Livesay Fecit

- E. Mr. Forrest.
- F. Mr. Tothall.
- G. Mr. Scott.



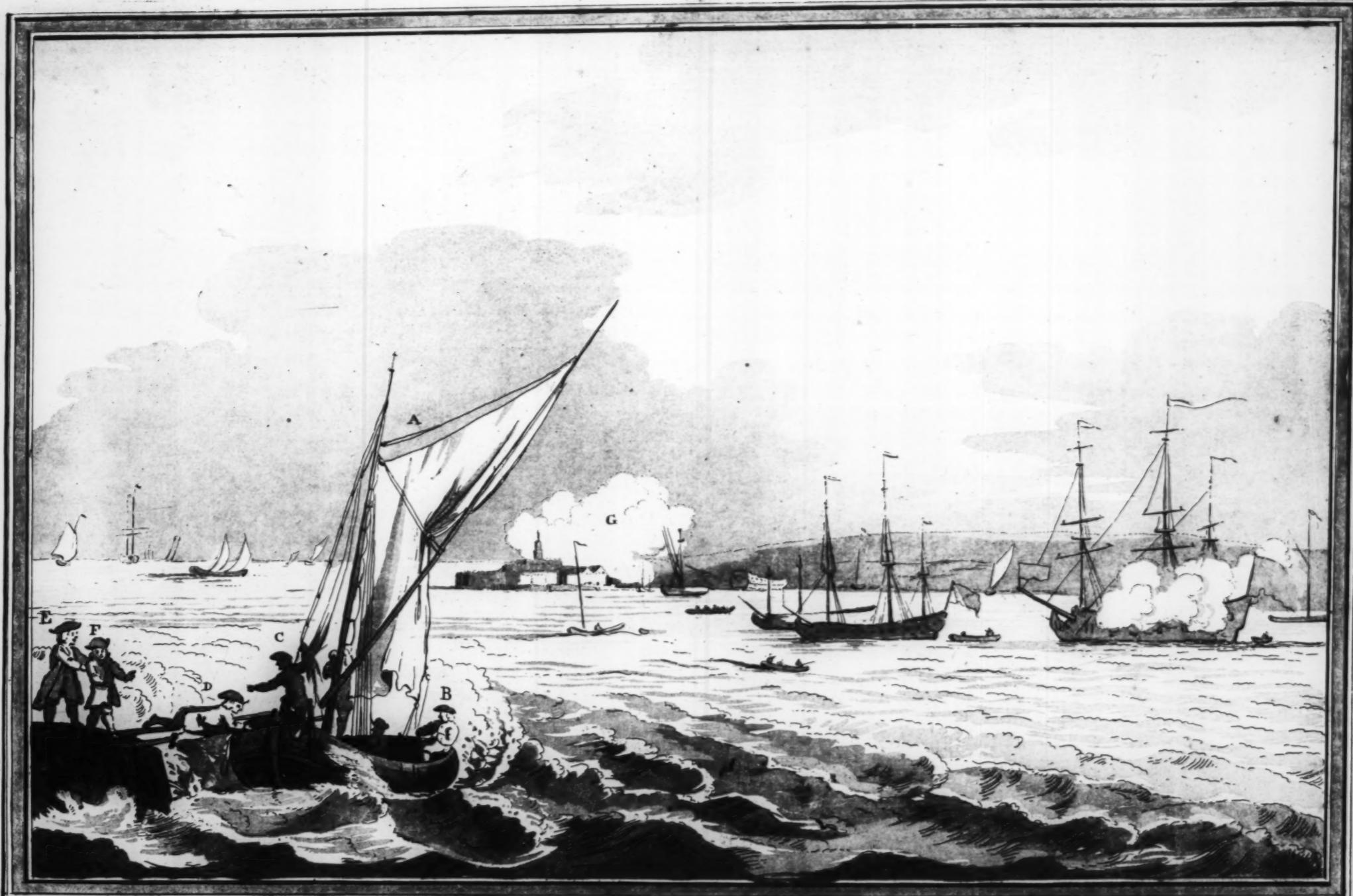
Hogarth Delin

R. & Livesay Fecit

A. The Fisherman Shaving  
B. Mr. Thornehill  
C. Mr. Scott shaving himself

BREAKFASTING &c.

on Stoker - See page 5  
Published Nov<sup>r</sup>. 27, 1781, R. & Livesay, at Mr. Hogarth's Leicester Fields.  
D. Mr. Hogarth drawing this Drawing  
E. Mr. Forrest at Breakfast  
F. Mr. Scott finishing a Drawing  
where it is held stand



Scott Delin the figures by Hogarth.

- A. The Boat.
- B. Mr Tothall at the Helm.
- C. Mr Thornhill lending a Hand to
- D. Mr Hogarth.

## THE EMBARCATION.

Published Nov<sup>r</sup>. 27, 1781 by R<sup>d</sup> Livesay at Mr<sup>s</sup> Hogarth's Leicester Fields.

- E. Mr Forrester pushing forward.
- F. Mr Scott.
- G. O'Hareng.

R<sup>d</sup> Livesay Fecit.

On hands and knees we crawl -  
To gain the yawl.



Hogarth Delin.

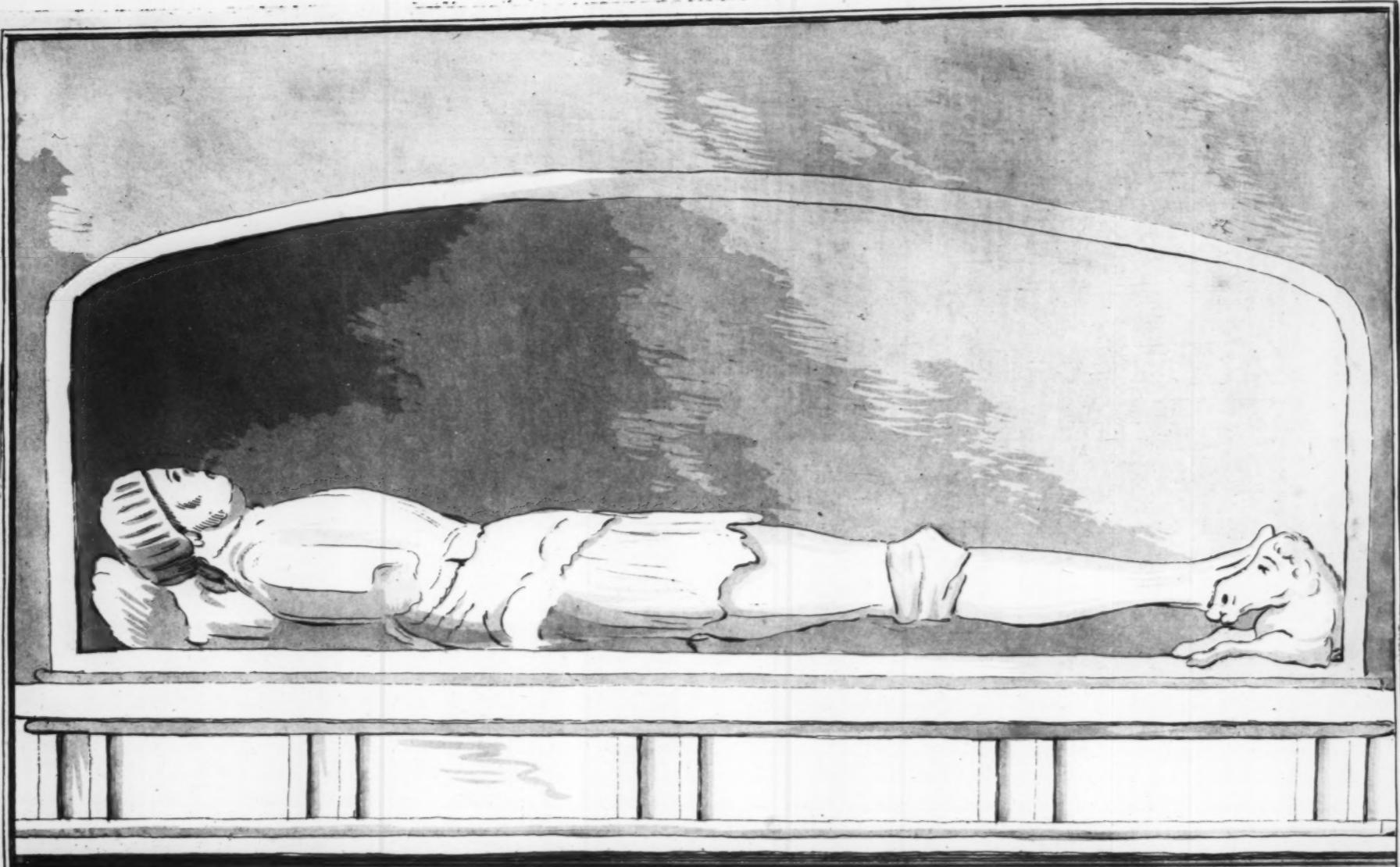
A. The Town of Queenborough.  
B. The Clock House.  
C. M. Forrest.

## THE TOWN OF QUEENBOROUGH.

Published Nov<sup>o</sup> 27, 1781, by R<sup>d</sup> Livesay at Mr<sup>s</sup> Hogarth's Leicester Fields.

D. Mr. Hogarth with  
E. The Factor.  
F. The Church.

R. D'Orsay Tech.



Scott Delin!

R. Livesay Fecit

The MONUMENT of a SPANISH EMBASADOR, in Minster Church, in the Island of Shepey.

Published Nov<sup>r</sup>. 27; 1781, by R<sup>d</sup>. Livesay at M<sup>r</sup>. Hogarth's Leicester Fields.

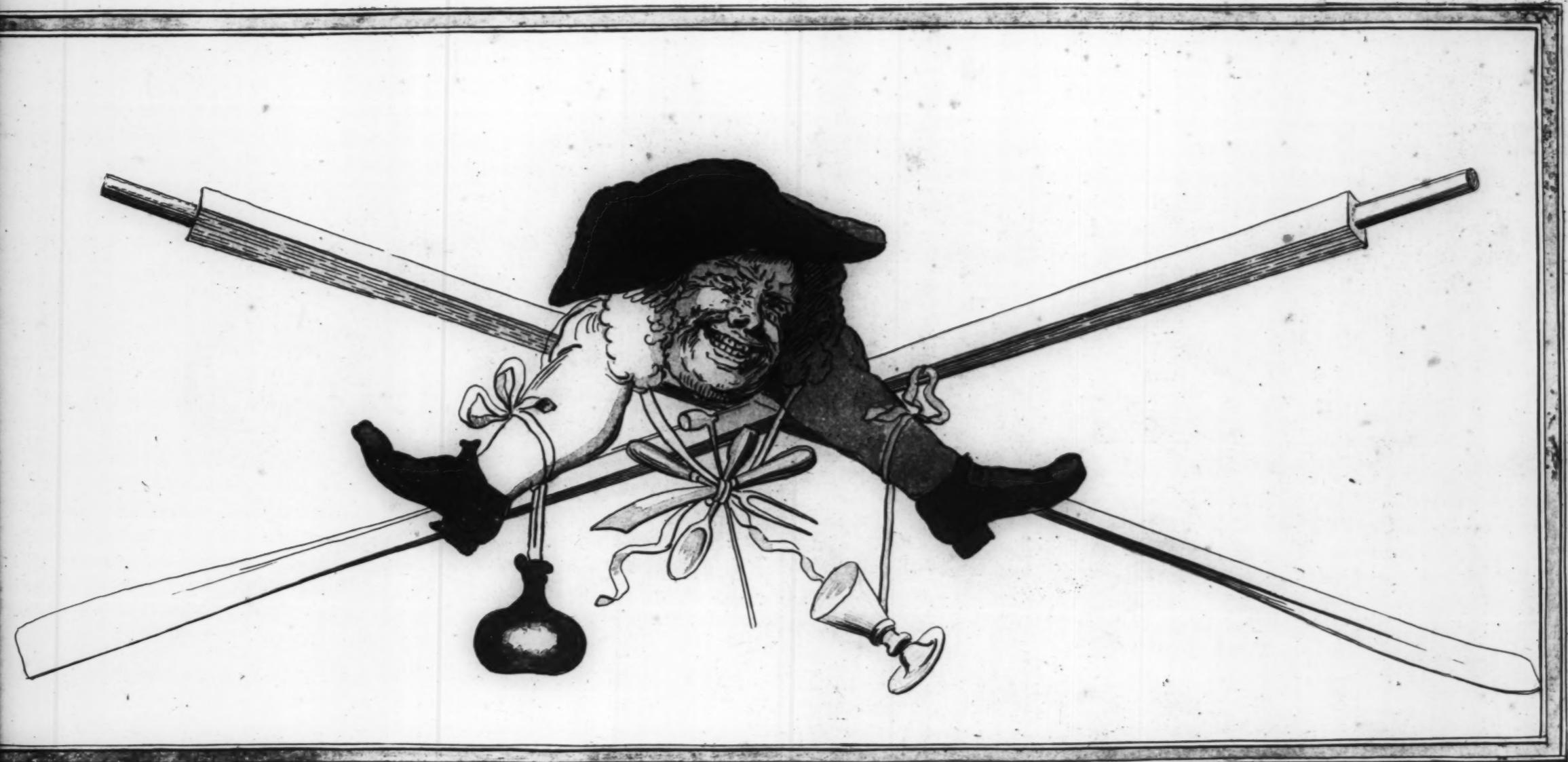


Hogarth Delin.

R. Livelay Fecit

MONUMENT of the LORD SHORLAND in Minster Church.

Published Nov<sup>r</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> 1781, by R. Livelay at Mr Hogarth's Letter Fields.



with Inv. et Delin:

R. Livesay Fecit.

### TAIL-PIECE.

Publish'd Nov<sup>r</sup>. 27; 1781, by R<sup>d</sup> Livesay, at M<sup>r</sup> Hogarth's Leicester Fields.



Ferontispie

